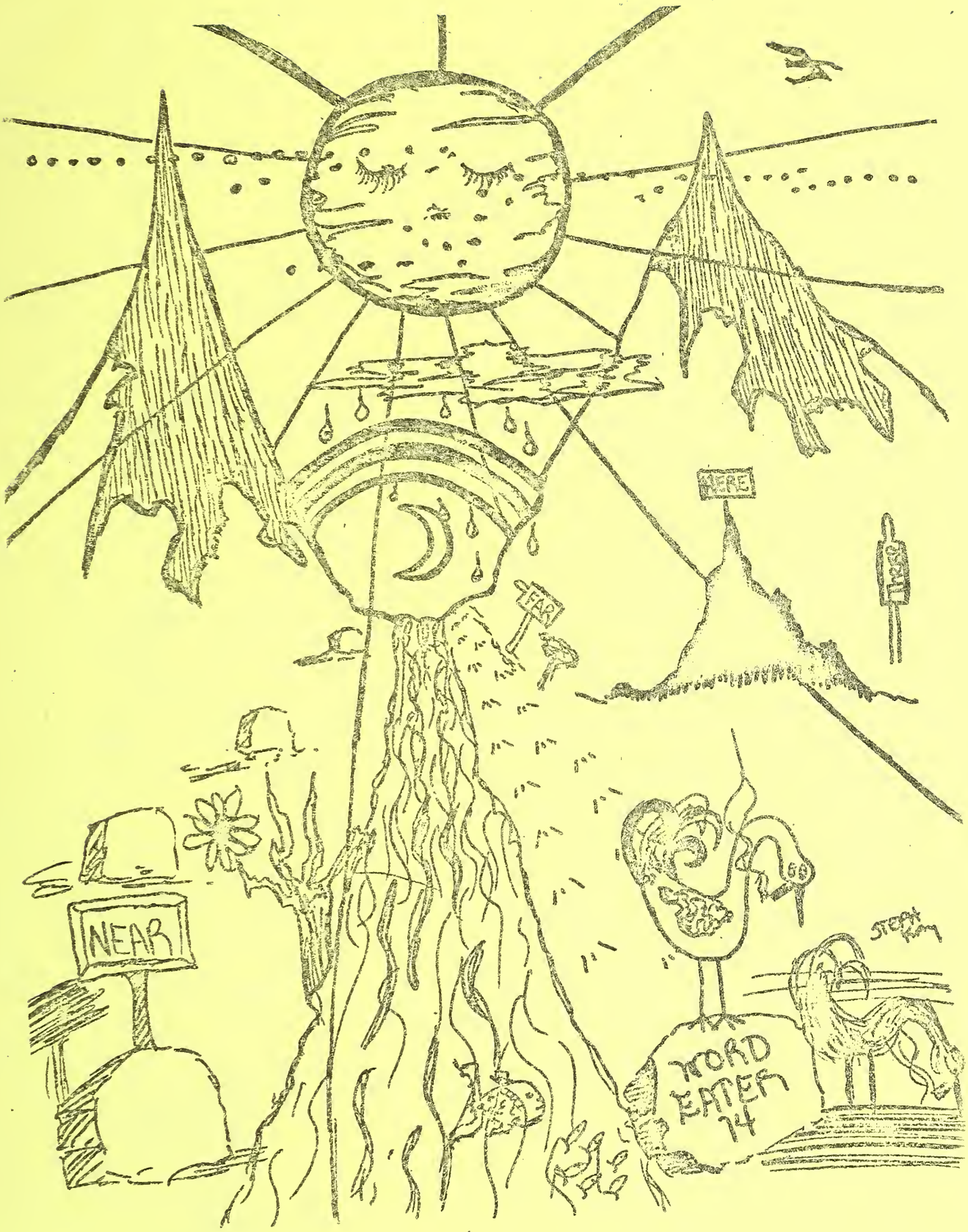
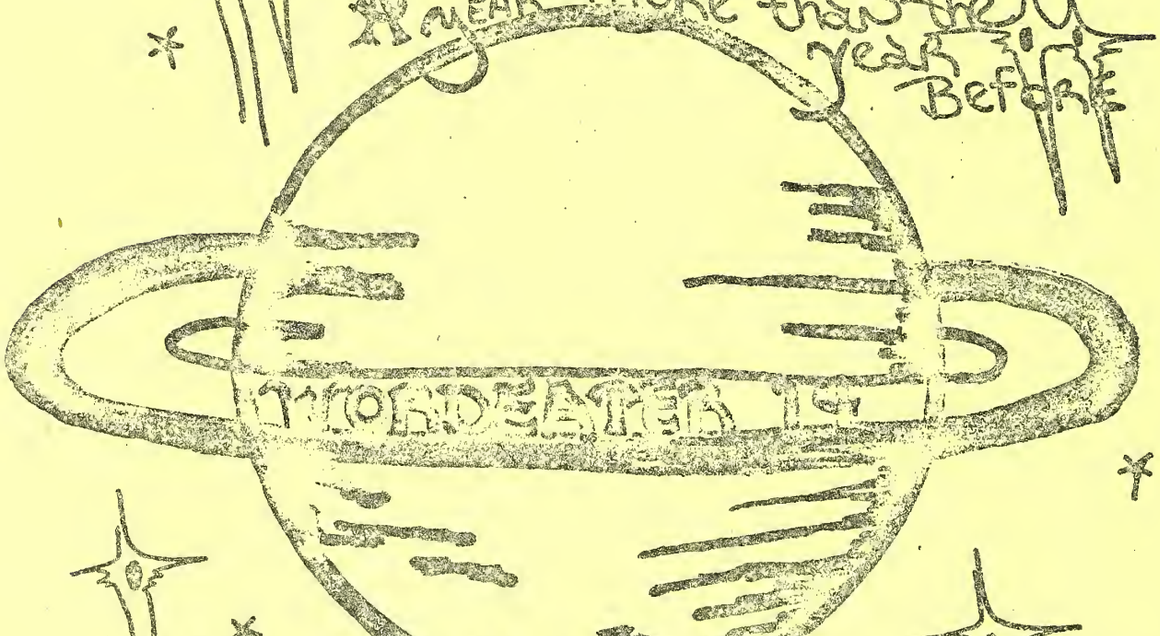

HERE
FAR
THERE
NEAR
WORD EATER 74

Eighteen

Eighteen is something
But what?
Reached
Feeling
Year more than the
Year Before



But now there's eighteen more
And in Reality
There's more in store
Than ever dreamed of
Before

Stephanie King

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STAFF FOR WORDEATER XIV

Pat Bohler Michael Markwell, ~~Jean Koren~~, and Sharon Marizza (Student Members) John Stobart (Faculty) and Loud Mouth McCracken (Ubiquitous, Omnipresent, sometimes Obnoxious, but never Unconscious)

WORDEATER AWARDS FOR XIII & XIV

Submission deadline for Wordeater XV, ~~March 15~~ May 8, 1976. Submit Manuscripts, Poems, Cover Designs (on 8½" by 14" paper with 1" margins) to J. Stobart, C1069, by March 15, 1976, to qualify for the following awards.

The $10 front cover and $5 back coverdesigns for Wordeater ~~XIV~~ XV were won by Stephanie Stobart. LOVE ~~GRAN~~ JAN EMERSON - for XV

POETRY

$ 5.00....Imagery.....I Need You, Sharon Marizza
$ 5.00....Sound Effects.....N8 Death, California Kid
$ 5.00....Story.....Dad, California Kid
$ 5.00....Structure.....Out On A Limb, Cosmic Bob
$ 5.00....Diction.....This Is What I Really Call A Message, Cosmic Bob
$ 5.00....Cleverness.....Atomic Energy, A Parable, Rich LeClercq
$10.00....BEST LONG POEM.....Out On A Limb, Cosmic Bob
$ 5.00....2nd LONG POEM.....In This House, Sharon Marizza
$ 5.00....BEST SHORT POEM.....I Need You, Sharon Marizza
$ 2.50....2nd SHORT POEM.....Bubblegum People, Patty Leach
$ 1.50....3rd SHORT POEM.....Summer Sunshine, Patty Leach
$ 1.00....4th SHORT POEM.....Modesty Underfoot, Cosmic Bob

FICTION

$ 5.00....Plot.....Drifter, Terri Boaz
$ 5.00....Mood.....The Awakening, Sharon Marizza
$ 5.00....Serious.....Thinket, Bonnie Sylvester
$ 5.00....Comic.....Fable of The Unusual Pet, A. Pratt
$ 5.00....Male Characterization.....Sore Loser, Fred Nelson
$ 5.00....Female Characterization.....Drifter, Terri Boaz
$10.00....BEST OVER-ALL.....Victoria, Sharon Marizza
$ 5.00....2nd OVER-ALL.....Thinket, Bonnie Sylvester
$ 2.50....3rd OVER-ALL.....Withdrawal, Charles Winans

$ 5.00....Editorial.....None
$ 5.00....Article.....Man Who Came to Dinner from The Blazer, Michael Gonzalus
$ 5.00....Review.....Sons & Lovers, DeDe Brenczewski
$ 5.00....Satire.....Listen to Us, Bonnie Sayko
$ 5.00....Research.....Premarital Cohabitation, Bonnie Sayko

John Stobart is the sole (and lonely) judge for the awards. The entire staff selects contents for Wordeater.

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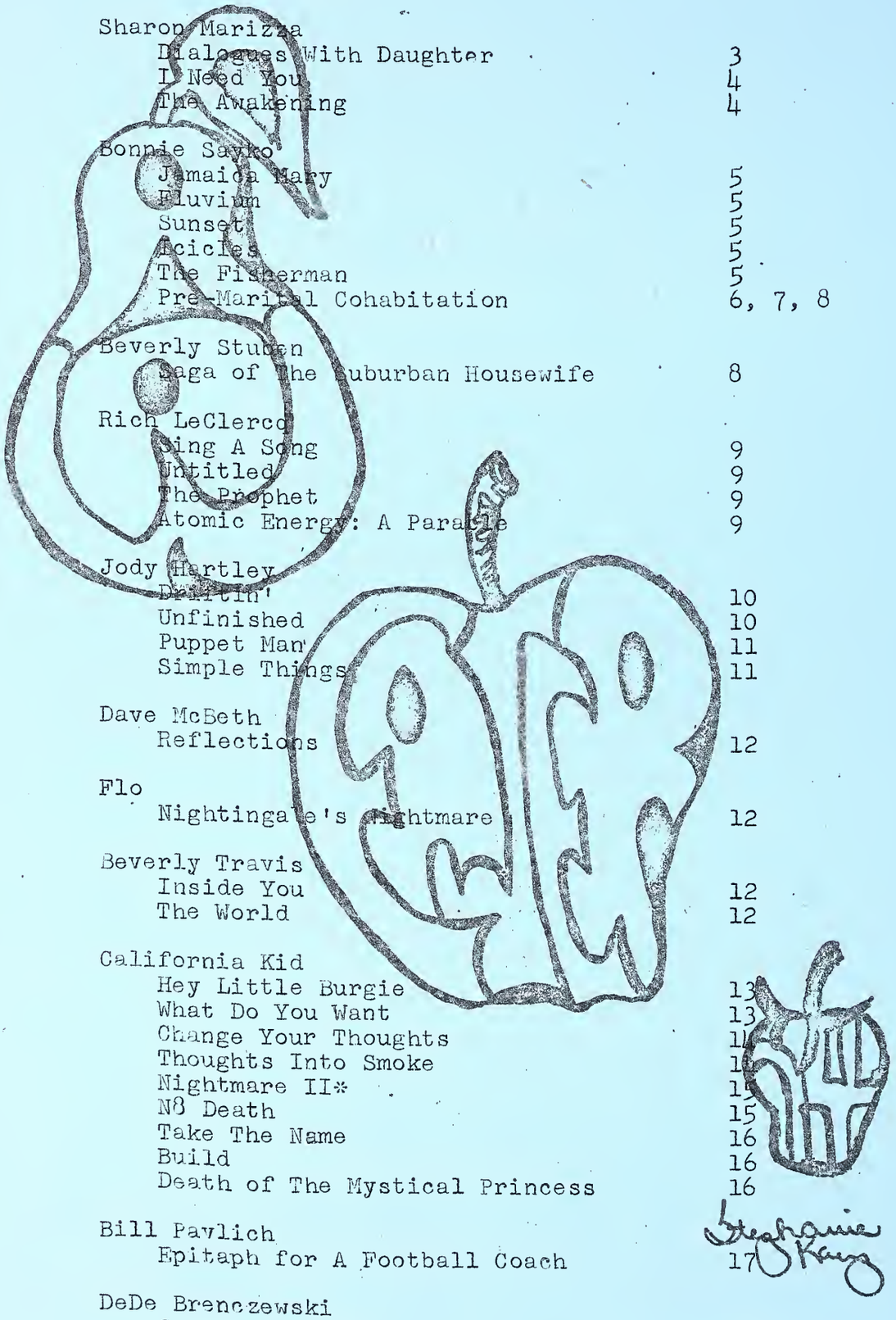

Bubblegum People

Bubblegum people
carry on in a candy store world
living in gingerbread houses,
building ice cream castles
out of tootsie roll dreams

Then . . .
finally awaken
in a cardboard box
(Burning.)

Sink Into The Void

Sink into the void
left by the beat
Which has swelled
- and sunk -
building ecstasy . . .
creating images . . .
building dreams . . .
Settling in the minds
(of so many)
escaping reality
and
digging into the depths
of something
we only know
as
"a high."

The Trip

The trip
I could have made - -
To see the world
(my world)
From the top of snow-covered mountain
or from the back seat
Of a year-old cycle
That used to be such fun
on those hot summer nights
when dreams were almost realities
But now they're just
far-off,
imaginative
.
.
.
Nothing
And memories
come back once again
and seem to linger
In my mind,
Along with Colorado
Rocky Mountains (John Denver)
And two young people
In love,
free,
.
.
.
Wild
Making more plans
And building more dreams
On the vacant space where
A house and three children
Were all that mattered
And the wind blows gently
Making the dreams diminish
As they hop back on the cycle
Heading toward home
Still planning,
talking
.
.
.
Hoping
The sound dies out
As they return
Back into the face of reality
As each goes his own way
in search of more freedom
finding nothing
But continuing to live
for those forgotten promises
he left behind
on the road to forever
shedding a tear
for the memory
which is all that's left.

Dialogues with Daughter
or
The Generations Rap

Mom: You've grown to be a lady
And I think you'll understand
Why I want to have a heart to heart
About your future plans.

Daughter: Oh, Mom, you sure are corny
About that future crap.
You talk like I'm still two years old
And need to take a nap.

Mom: Don't be so damned defensive, Dear,
I only want to chat.
How do you really think and feel?
Where are your values at?

Daughter: Come right on out and ask me,
I know you're dying to.
Is your baby still a virgin?
Do I think SEX is taboo?

Mom: I'll give your words back to you
So the terms will be exact.
"Is my baby still a virgin?"
Is your virtue still intact?

Daughter: Good God! You called it virtue.
That shows you're out of touch.
If it feels good, do it is my creed.
Virginity's not worth much.

Mom: Aren't there any rules for living now?
Does a husband want a wife
Who won't promise him fidelity
As they join to make a life?

Daughter: Mom, marriage really isn't in
It's not the thing to do.
You don't need a piece of paper
To prove your love is true.

Mom: But what about the children?
Don't they need both Mom and Dad
To create a stable, loving home
So the kids won't turn out bad?

Daughter: I'm into self-fulfillment, Mom.
My days are much too prime
To spend them changing diapers -
That's such a waste of time.

Mom: Can time spent loving others
Be considered wasted time?
Loving you has filled my days.
Do you think I've wasted mine?

Darkness Surrounds Me

Darkness surrounds me;
    taking me back
        where no man
    dare tread
        and only wizards
    dare perform miracles
        and rain
    slowly hits the earth
        bringing life,
    (death to some)
    and peace and tranquility
        take over
    giving all a feeling of serenity
        and the man of miracles
                disappears.

I stand (alone)
        wondering . . .
    What next?

You've Created A Life

You've created a life
    full of unrealistic hopes
            and
    psychadelic dreams
And still you plan
    to face the world
(Which is more than you can handle)
    with your back turned
    to anyone who doubts you.
Open your eyes
    and be prepared.
It's gonna be a bummer.

Summer Sunshine

Summer sunshine
        warms my heart
And you
        (lying beside me)
            warm my soul.
The sun reflects
        on the water
        making it look
            more green than blue.
The gentle breeze
        whips sand into your
        blonde hair
And
        your already tanned skin
        gets darker.
You kiss me gently
        as we melt
        into the beauty of the beach
And once again
        I lose myself
        in the wonder of your love.

- SHARON MARIZZA -

I Need You

Alone -
In the horded hall
Amid -
The lethargic twilight of self-pity
Among -
Buds and blossoms of conversation
Around -
Me in groups of twos or threes
Afraid -
Of the cunning night shade
Already -
Deepening into solitary darkness
Apricot -
Light dawns in the doorway
Announcing -
Your face riding on a smile
Abandon -
The darkness for loveshine
Agreement -
As hearts touch fingertips
Arranging -
Secret trysts where we will be
Alone.

The Awakening

Ellen lay very still. The morning breeze toyed with the curtains, playfully tossing them gently to and fro. Sunlight crept into the room a few more inches, promising another beautiful day. She glanced at the clock; six o'clock and much too early to get up. It was Sunday. They always slept late on Sunday.

Turning on her side, Ellen looked down at the face and form of the man she had slept beside for the last seventeen years. She was very near to him; not so close that they touched, but she could feel the heat radiating from his body to hers. He slept deeply, innocently, not unlike a child.

Your hair is getting thin. Funny, you've never mentioned it... and there's gray in your sideburns ...but it looks sophisticated...I wonder if you've been trying to pull yours out...two come in for every one you pull out...mine quadrupled... hate that gray.

Steve grunted and rolled away from her. She ran her eyes down his back. She almost touched his back with her fingertips but resisted the impulse.

Those muscles in your shoulders and back dip in the middle...you can almost see the outline of your spine ...God, I love your body...I've wanted you...it seems like forever ...what if you hadn't married me... would I have climbed into bed with you anyway...I needed you so...did you know...I was afraid of it...and ashamed.

Ellen flopped over quickly, indignant. Facing the window, watched the breeze frolic as th thin dimity played peekaboo wit the radiant daystar.

What a way to start the day growing up is painful, even in the remembering...but growing o ...I dread it...I don't want to get old...it scares me.

She squeezed her eyes tight together trying to hold back th tears. They forced their silen way from her eyes, leaving salt tracks down her cheeks.

Unaware that Ellen wasn't asleep, Steve scooted near to h She could feel his moist warm breath on her neck. Raising hi self slightly on one elbow, he drew her into the circle of his arms. "Wake up, Sleepy Head. Listen. The birds are singing. it's spring again...this man's fancy wants you...to love." Turning her over by her shoulde he took her face in his hands a gently pulled it toward his as he tenderly kissed her throat a ears. "Hey, Ellie, you're cryi

She opened her eyes, slowly looking directly into his. Her head sought the security of the curve between his chest and arm The reassurance of his love fl ed over her. Snuggling closer her husband, she sighed and sa "I was having a bad dream, but I'm awake now."

- BONNIE SAYKO -

Jamaica Mary

I took an island holiday.
I could hardly wait to land,
Wanted to drink some sweet, sweet rum,
And play for an island band.

I checked into a small hotel
And went down to the street,
Saw a wild-haired, green-eyed lady
Dancin' the island beat.

Jamaica Mary, yes, you are
As lovely as can be.
You make me stars in the day.
Please spend some time with me.

Jamaica Mary turned me on.
She turned me upside down.
I got so high when she danced by
And spun me round and round.

We just spent one day together,
Still my feet haven't touched the ground.
Some day I'll take her home with me
And dance to that Jamaica sound.

Jamaica Mary, oh, no one
Could love you like I do
You make me fly up to the moon.
I'll spend my life with you.

Fluvium

Another dream falls
over the dam
out to sea,
Love drowns silently.

Sunset

Golden fire of light
Drifting deep to slumber.
Burning hues of night.

Icicles

Numb icicles weep,
Falling prey to God's sunlight,
Manifest paradox in life.

The Fisherman

There once was a fisherman from Munich,
Who one day did fish in a tunic;
While stalking a shark
He fell off his ark . . .

Now fisherman is a fisher-eunuch.

Pre-Marital Cohabitation
An Insider Look

Change is the key to a dynamic society. With progress must come changing ideas and lifestyles. One example of such social phenomenon becoming manifest is that of "pre-marital cohabitation," also known as "non-legal voluntary marriage," or more commonly, "living together." Many studies of this type of living arrangement have been conducted over the past several years, but the majority of these focus mainly on college students. Possibly, this is because the college campus provided an amenable base for the growth of the phenomena's popularity and allowed researchers easy access to observe the cohabitative process. Nevertheless, this study will attempt to explore the aspects of extra-marital cohabitation outside the American college campus, dealing specifically with the area of the city of Joliet, Illinois (approximate population: 80,000) and its outlying communities.

The author agrees with many of the previous studies that have concluded, "the unmarried male and female students who live together don't just have sex on their minds. They're more interested in establishing a close and satisfying interpersonal relationship." This ideal does not remain merely within the realm of students, however; it applies to most men and women who have taken the decisive step of moving in together without the benefit of clergy. What has led to this basic assumption is the outcome of research employed in this study.

Questionaires, a sample of which can be found at the conclusion of this work, were distributed to twenty-five cohabitating couples who were instructed to respond jointly. Twenty of the twenty-five were completed, for a return rate of 80%. Subsequent conclusions will be based upon the results of those questionaires, interviews, and selected readings.

An overview of previous studies of extra-marital cohabitation reveals many insights into this controversial lifestyle. One such study offers various reasons as to why couples have resorted to this type of living arrangement. The reasons include the changing institution of marriage, the change in sexual mores, and the disillusionment of many young people with marriage, reflected by the divorce rate in the USA today. Another factor cited is that an unpromising job market, coupled with rising expenses, could make the commitment of marriage too big a step under such pressures.

A study conducted in 1974 at the University of Texas at Austin offers yet another reason. Some students felt that legal bonds could turn marriage from a good relationship into "a rut". One female claimed that marriage would ruin her chances for equality. She stated, "As long as I am not anybody's wife and don't have to be identified as anybody's possession, I can feel that I am an equal partner in a relationship with a man." A final reason offered by the Texas researchers was that a feeling of being stifled by marriage could cause difficulties which could be avoided by cohabitation. George Thorman, assistant professor in the Graduate School for Social Work at the University who conducted the survey, comments that "the negative feelings of being trapped or being used, so frequently cited as sources of frustration and dissatisfaction among married couples, were noticeably absent from unmarried couples."

The focus will now turn to the findings of the author's own research. Questionnaires were supplied only to couples: the replies will reflect the opinions of those who have lived together in the past, are currently living together, or who have at some time considered the possibility of living together and found it unsuited to their needs. The presentation avoids statistical analysis, offering rather the many statements and reasons voluntered by the couples in their attempts to explain how they reached their decisions

The couples polled range in age from 18-25. They reside in either Joliet or within a radius of ninety miles.

The primary question dealt with the reason for living together, as opposed to marriage:

One couple, both divorcees, felt that because of their past unsuccessful attempts at marriage they had wanted to be sure they were compatible and could fulfill one another's needs prior to a formalization of the relationship.

Another couple revealed that their considerations were more economic, in that social security survivor's benefits would be terminated for the female partner if she married before the age of 22. She is presently 20 years old, and they plan to be married when she comes of age.

The majority responding (13 of 20) felt that they weren't psychologically prepared for the responsibility of marriage, and they weren't completely certain if they were compatible enough to share the remainder of their lives.

The second question asked if the couples planned to marry:

Yes: 16 of the 20
No: 3
Undecided: 1

The third question revealed that only one of the couples did not believe in the institution of marriage. This couple, residing in Joliet, felt that marriage would only make them take advantage of one another, and that they loved each other enough so that a legally binding contract isn't necessary for them to want to spend the rest of their lives together.

The other two couples who responded negatively to question two feel that marriage is a good valid social institution, but are not currently prepared to contemplate entering into it.

The fourth question dealt with procreation. The couple cited above as not believing in the institution of marriage, plans to have children out of wed-lock. They feel that being unmarried will not hinder them from raising a loving, stable child. Four couples among those polled do not plan to have children. The fifteen remaining couples wish to have children as married adults, feeling marriage the atmosphere most conducive to raising a normal, emotionally secure family. Several of the above fifteen couples felt that raising a child born out of wed-lock would not be wholly accepted in our present society.

The fifth question asked the duration of the cohabitation. Three couples have lived together for two years, four for one year, and twelve for less than one year.

Among the couples who do not plan to marry, the feeling was that they would stay together until "the feelings of the relationship run out." The remainder plan to live together until marriage.

In seeking to define society's influences upon the cohabitating couples, it was determined that none of the couples polled claimed any religious affiliation.

Several advantages of living together as opposed to conventional marriage were offered. The couples felt that pre-marital cohabitation permits more individual freedom for the partners, and that the absence of legal commitment makes each partner more loving and conscientious towards the other, as there is no guarantee that they will stay together. The bond is emotional rather than documented. Should the couple be unable to withstand the rigors of cohabitation, the arrangement is dissolved, rather than going through what they believe the costly and time-consuming divorce process. One couple said that cohabitation had reaffirmed their belief that "sharing a home is a beautiful thing," and decided, for that reason, to be married in April, 1976.

Disadvantages of pre-marital cohabitation were examined both from the economical and psychological viewpoints. Concerning the former, one woman felt that credit is harder for a single woman to obtain, and should one of the partners die, the other has no legal status as a beneficiary. Another couple regretted having to conceal the fact that they weren't married in order to rent an apartment. Also mentioned was the fact that the couple had difficulty in making long-term economic plans since they were unmarried and had a feeling that they have too much of division insofar as personal possessions go - i.e. "this is yours and that is mine, rather than this is ours."

Among the psychological and emotional disadvantages cited were that for 13 of the 20, their parents did not accept the living arrangements; three of the 20 have to actively conceal the fact of their cohabitation from their parents. One couple also felt that there is less security for the future without marriage, and that the lack of legal commitment could facilitate a spontaneous break-up. One female partner regretted her inability to have a child in a cohabitative type of living arrangement.

- BONNIE SAYKO -

Judging from the afore-mentioned replies, the present day cohabitating couple seems to have responsible outlook on the subject. J. J. Michaels, author of Petal and Me, a "survival manual for the unmarried live-togethers," claims that "cohabitation is not a child's game. It is highly charged, emotional experimentation with a new life-style, requiring two well-balanced participants." There is widespread agreement that the decisions being made are adult, and therefore, should only be made by those mature enough to handle the responsibilities involved.

It is difficult to predict if extra-marital cohabitation will become an accepted alternative to marriage. What may happen, "is that cohabitation may replace the traditional engagement period for young people planning on marriage." Whatever extra-marital cohabitation may bring in future, its occurrence and impact are increasingly evident in our society.

- BEVERLY STUBEN -

Saga Of The Suburban Housewife

You find you've got dandruff
And middle aged spread
And nobody wants to
Take you to bed.

You're always tired
And asleep by eleven,
Can't make breakfast
For the children at seven.

You walk out in shorts,
See the guy next door
Who kind of yawns
As if it's a bore.

The mailman comes
And there's nothing for you
Except a notice
That some bill is due.

You're bored and play cards
At every chance
When no one's looking
You dream of romance.

Pre-Marital Cohabitation Questionnaire

To be answered mutually -

Ages:

Why did you decide to live together rather than marrying?

Do you plan to marry?

Do you believe in marriage as an institution? If not, why not?

Do you plan to have children?

If so, do you plan to have them after marriage?

How long have you lived together?

How long do you plan to live together?

Do you have a practiced religious affiliation?

Does this religion have any objection to your mutually sharing of a home?

State the advantages of living together from your point of view: (economic, psychological)

The disadvantages:

Are there any objections to your lifestyle from your families? If so, what are they?

- RICH LECLERCQ -

Sing A Song

I listened to the radio
And Oh! I listened good.
I smoked my joint
And bought my song
As teeny-boppers should.

And when the race is over
The Dragon starts to sing:
"Won't this be a jolly time
To sit before the King?"

I watched the television set
And Oh! I watched it good.
I banged my broad
And killed a cop
Like every real-man should.

And when the race is over
The Dragon starts to sing:
"Won't this be a jolly time
To sit before the King?"

And then I read the newspaper
And Oh! I read it good.
I voted for the candidate
As all good voters should.

And when the race is over
The Dragon starts to sing:
"Won't this be a jolly time
To sit before the King?"

And then I read the Book of books
And Oh! I read it well,
It told a message clear and strong
It told me what to tell:

"The race is long since over
The crowd begins to sing.
Yes, it is a jolly time
to sit before the King!"

The Prophet

Walking down the hallway
To the elevator
A man stopped me

"I must hurry," I cried,
"I am going to see the Prophet!"

"You will hear,
But not understand."

"Who are you?"

"The Prophet."

The counsel sat in Judgement
The learned inventors and scientist
Brought forth a new tool
"We have tamed a weapon
And made it work for us
Controls will be needed
Safety measures required
But soon it will be in every home."
The cynics and nonbelievers came
They told of cities destroyed utter
Left black
Of poisons which infected the air
And all air touched
How the holocost could happen
If the controls failed.
Those who banned everything
Banned it.
Those who tried everything
Tried it.
Sane heads inspected it carefully.
Some used it, and liked it.
The counsel's decision came
'Weighted with the gold of the cynic
Inventors and sane heads mourned
And fire
Was outlawed.

ATOMIC ENERGY: A Parable

Armies are expensive toys
Most often used by little boys
Who like to think that they are men
Go marching off to war again

Again
Again
The Gallows moans
In harsh and melancholy tones
Some boys will pay for what they've done
The rest do not.
You see, they've won.

Driftin'

Did ya ever have a day
When you felt like you were standing on the outside
Of your body watching what you were doing?
Like you weren't really there at all.
You were just sorta driftin' . . .

Not cause you didn't want to be there,
Oh, how you'd give anything to really be there,
But because whatever you were into became so
Intense - You just drifted . . . Drifted away . . .

. . . You're on the outside now, lookin' in.
What do you see? You see your body performing
The movements, you see your brain perceiving
The ideas for these movements but YOU are really
Not there - You're driftin'. You have minimal
Recall of what happened because you were on the
Outside lookin' in. Just driftin' alone . . .

Driftin' - until someone sinks you.
Then you jump back inside your body
And row away.

Unfinished

Why is the top so bare?
There - the top of the Christmas tree!
Doesn't anyone see?
There are branches there.
Why are they bare?
Can't anyone reach those branches there?

The ornaments, the tinsel it all ends -
Up there, where its bare at the top
of the tree.
Does anybody care -
Why is it bare?

You! You people there looking at the tree
in awe.
How can you stand to see it -
The top of the tree so bare.
Why don't you put something there -
Make it complete?

A star, an angel, anything sweet.
Get up on your feet and put something ther

Doesn't anyone care?

- JODY HARTLEY -

Puppet Man

Here I go -
Another day of leaping when someone yanks my string!

The professor: "I think you should be through these
twelve chapers by tomorrow."
Pull.

The mother: "Please clear the dinner dishes before
you wash clothes and go to work."
Yank.

The boss: "I have more responsibilities for you to
take on, no raise in pay just more or
your time and hard work."
Yank, Pull, Slam.

I'm the puppet man - Pull my string
And watch me move for you.
My life is moving for people, for I have
No mind of my own.
No freedom to move and grow.
Just yank my string . . .
I'm the Puppet Man.

I'll do all of your work and then some,
Just move me and tell me what to do.

I'm the Puppet Man . . .
Yank, Pull, Slam.

Simple Things

Its really strange when I think about it.
The simplicity involved in my meeting
The most loved, most talked about man in the world.

I have known him for two weeks,
And the free, easy feeling is still with me.
But something else - How simple it is to live my life
Now that I really know and trust Him.

How simple it would be for me to lose Him -
But He won't let me. He really wants me, and you,
And everybody.

I've never really glowed before.
But now I feel so light, so fulfilled,
Only because I know Him.

Lights shine brighter and my heart is fuller with joy
Because I have been blessed with the awsomeness
Of the greatest man that ever lived.

It's really simple,
A great feeling, and oh, how simple.

- DAVE MCBETH -

Reflections

A lonely man walks aimlessly down the road
All man and beast are at rest
This solitary wanderer is the only sign of life, but for the
occasional bark of a farm dog
Ah: but there is life, down the road a young couple run indoors
to the warmth of a cracking fire, after putting the finishing
touch on their snowman.

All is quiet
The wind dances through the trees, singing its soft, whispering
song
A few leaves rustle a crackle as a subtle reminder that fall is not
far gone
And the heavy ominous crunch of the new-fallen snow, underfoot,
tolls a lonely note to this man's strolling.

It must be early in the day
For it is still dark and cloudy and cold
The only light is the reflection of the streetlight on the fresh,
pure snow
And in the distance, the city fills the sky with a dull glow
There is neither stars nor moon.

Yet there is some joy in this man's life
On this night he has gathered with friends and rejoiced in their
fellowship
And on this, the dawn of Thanksgiving, he has talked with God.
He has given and received the marvelous gift of love.

FLO

Nightingale's Nightmare

Erasing shadows from the wall
Wiping tears of fear that fall
Holding hands to keep in touch
(Why must you cry so much?)

Pushing life's breath back in
Squeezing sighs out once again
Dulling screams of pain that call
(Why must you hurt at all?)

Rubbing skin too dry, too old
Scrubbing mottled feet gone cold
Warming skin again turned blue
(What can futile wishes do?)

Living death over again
Dying life must never end
Giving up is just not done
Losing battles must be won.

(Who decides you must be through?)
While Nursey asks:
"What, Sir, may I do for you?"

BEVERLY TRAVIS

Inside You

Some feelings inside you
Never fade away

Only lovers change or move on
And love soon strays.

The World

The world's in a horrid state
With little love and plenty hate.

No more smiles but many frowns
Makes me wonder what's going down?

Some days you can't tell winter
from spring.
But regardless brothers and sisters
do their thing.

People are fighting everywhere
And old Jerry Ford doesn't seem to
care

The sale of drugs at an all time
high
So he'll steal a lid if he can't
afford to buy.

But world, cool out, I have things
to do.
Like be a success and do some
partying too.

- ROSS STEWART -
- CALIFORNIA KID -

Hey Little Burgie

Hey little Burgie,
what makes you so rare?
Hey little Burgie,
don't you know that I care?
Not only of the body,
of which yours is so fine.
But also of the inner you,
your feelings and mind.
The way you move,
and the way you look.
Don't you know that you,
you make me cook.
There is more of you,
which is so nice.
It's your head, your mind,
that makes you paradise.
Hey little Burgie,
is there another like you,
that would fill the heart of this lonely fool?

What Do You Want!

What do you want?
I do as you say, I do
as you want, but I am still the fool.
I do not know you or your son,
but only of the writings about you.
You are said to be number one.
The writings say, "Ask and thou shalt receive,"
but now, now it is hard to believe.
Your son said if I asked in his name,
I would get my wants and needs.
I have found through the years
that of my askings, I receive only tears.
You have gifted me with illness,
You have made me bleed, day by day.
You have asked a price, did I not pay?
I have tried to do right, shunned the wrong,
listened to your words through the writings
and, yes, those terrible songs.
You purge me, make me feel unlike a man.
No more of this, I tell you, I can not stand.
Are you just to tease and taunt?
Tell me, tell me,
what do you want?
What DO you want?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?!

- ROSS STEWART -
-CALIFORNIA KID--

Change Your Thoughts

Your thoughts are many,
since childhood you'd dream.
Look into your coffee,
see the cream?
There to make the taste better,
the cream is like your illustrious dream.
Things would be nice
if your dream comes to be,
but you'll dream on, through eternity.
A car, a plane, and even a boat,
things to have, some day you hope.
Where will it get you
where will you go?
Don't ask me,
I don't know.
Aren't we better,
the human race?
What can be had easier,
a boat, or a smile on a face?
Stop awhile, take some time.
Tell me the better, yours or mine.
It doesn't matter, I don't care
if mine are common, and yours are rare.
I too, like the better things in life,
but to get them causes others strife.
It would be better, it would be,
to see smiles on faces
of you and me.
Your thoughts aren't rare
and they will stay.
I can tell you,
I can say
that I have the same,
day by day.
Don't be unhappy,
don't be sad.
Everyone has the thoughts
that you do, so be glad.
Take awhile to change your mind.
Happiness, you're sure to find.
Things in your dream
will have a new name.
Be happy, your thoughts and mine
were once the same.

Thoughts Into Smoke

Walk with me
oh gentle one.
We'll listen to rock,
rock by the ton.
Forget times race
and come with me,
enter my world,
and let happiness be.
I don't ask you
to come to bed,
come to me,
enter my head.
I can't deny
the thoughts delight,
wanting youto spend the night.
But thoughts are a joke
that amount, in the end,
like burning buildings
gone up in smoke.
These words are meant for you,
but you don't know that
you are you.
These thoughts are useless
never the less,
so I'll keep on thinking
thoughts into smoke.

- ROSS STEWART -
- CALIFORNIA KID -

Nightmare II*

Hello little boy. Did you miss me?
What, what are you going here?
I thought you were gone.
Gone? Gone! No little boy. You created me a long time ago, but you didn't destroy me. And you can't destroy me. You created me from your subconscious, and there is where I'll always remain.
No, no, I created you, and I can destroy you. Go away, I don't want you, I don't like you, and I don't want to talk to you. Go away!
NO! I will not go away! If you thought you could destroy me, why am I here? No little boy, I will not go away. You forget, your subconscious created me, and needs me. No, I am going to stay, and give you another nightmare.
I don't want another nightmare! The last one was enough. I don't want another nightmare. I don't want one. I don't want you.
Well, you have me! And we're going on another trip, a trip into your imagination. Where shall we start? Let's see, we could start out with--
We could start out with your leaving. I don't want another nightmare!
Come now, little boy. You aren't afraid are you? You shouldn't be afraid, there's nothing to be afraid of.
The last nightmare was enough. All those spiders and stuff. I can't take any more.
All those "spiders and stuff" were of your own making. And little boy, you have made some beautifully horrible things for this nightmare. You want them little boy, and I will give them to you.
No! No, I can't. I don't want to have . . .
That's right. Sleep. Sleep, little boy. Our journey to the subconscious is about to begin. Sweet dreams - dreams - dreams - dreams - dreams . . .
(Cooper goes into a song)
*This is my own thoughts for an opening script for another "Welcome To My Nightmare!" The indented lines are for Alice Cooper.

N8 Death

It couldn't be death
to go on a journey
after an earth span of years.
It couldn't be death
if life is eternal
and God wipes all tears.
It couldn't be death
if He is our king,
it is but a parting tender.
Thee drifted away,
as an angel on wing,
back to the omnipotent lender.

We, the borrower,
without any cost,
for the loan of that presence dear
It could not be death,
or all would be lost,
and great would be our fear.

Our faith, lo has grown
into vast trust
of knowing that all is well.
It couldn't be death,
for every soul must
go back with a story to tell.

It's wisdom and love,
and the things worth while
that lightens the burdens drear.
It couldn't be death,
or thoughts couldn't pile
into a mind crystal clear.

It couldn't be death,
for heaven's no place
to have dead things all about.
It's life everlasting
in time and space.

It couldn't be death,
or there were no hope
of seeing loved ones again.
It couldn't be death,
or there wouldn't be a scope
of eternity our creator began.

No, it's not death!
With joy let us sing,
beginning each break of day.
No, it's not death!
Truth has taken the sting
from so-called death.

- ROSS STEWART -
- CALIFORNIA KID -

Take The Name

So you come to me, and you say
that I did not show the way
of the great buildings of Egypt,
and of the writing of the script.
Was it not I that said
that only good can come from the dead?
Yes it was, my little love,
I myself, that flew the dove.
I showed you the workings of the mind
and taught you how to end eternal time.
I came from afar, and flew you near
to tell you of life so dear.
Do you remember, do you care,
of the whispering, purple air?
I think you not, little one,
of how I raised you from the ton.
What do you want, what is your need?
My heart to pound, my skin to bleed.
Nonsense nonsense, little one.
I have raised you from the ton,
which the spirits say should make you one.
It was you who took the name and flew
before the learning was completely through.
Now you say I am to blame
for the things you do, and the flame.
Go now, and keep your shame,
for it is you, not I, who takes the name.

Build

Build upon resolve, and not upon regret
a structure of thy future. Do not grope
among the shadows of old sins, but let
thine own soul's light shine on the path of h
and dissipate the darkness. Waste no tears
upon the blotted record of lost years,
but turn the leaf and smile to see
the fair white pages that remain to thee.

Death of The Mystical Princess

You saved the life
of the world's new hero,
with your magic and your power.
You brought him to your world
to heal his wounds,
and fulfill his animal desires.
You were having your fun,
'till someone downed
your sailing blue swan
with the ever powerful
lazer gun.
The swan fell to the depths of your earth,
giving the hero his rebirth,
and, your death.
All was lost, it was feared,
but you saved the day
when your spirit appeared.
Your power pasties you gave them,
so they would overcome,
once again.

- BILL PAVLICH -

EPITAPH FOR A FOOTBALL COACH (The once-a week for ten weeks, Park District, Grade School, Flag Football . . . kind)

If we play hard we'll take it all
You should have passed, not run the ball
Where did you find a kid that tall?
It's fun to be a coach.

Just one more win, we'll make it nine
The first down is just cross that line
That play I called was really fine.
It's great to be a coach.

Receiving team, we won the toss
You half-backs block, you ends will cross
Let's try to hand them their first loss
I love to be a coach.

Give him the ball on an end reverse
The score's bad now, it could get worse
Your right half thinks he needs a nurse.
I like to be a coach.

Ah coach, I think I broke my knee
Hey kicking team, who's got the tee?
Oh come on ref, why can't you see?
It's rough to be a coach.

My voice is gone, my throat is raw
That wasn't clipping that you saw
It should have worked, where was the flaw?
It's tough to be a coach.

Boy that was luck, but what a run
The arm goes up, off goes the gun
They jump for joy, they're number one.
Why was I ever a coach?

Though we lost, you guys played great
Losing must have been our fate
The season's gone, but at any rate...
I'm glad I was your coach.

We think we have something to say
We had our fun, we loved to play
You were the one who made it that way...
We're glad you were our coach.

As I think back and wonder why
I held that job, I only sigh
A tear drop hides back in my eye...
Thank you, Lord, for letting me be a coach.

Sons and Lovers
by D. H. Lawrence

Focusing on Mrs. Morel and Paul we find the underlying theme of this novel. The very title of this novel suggests Lawrence's feelings on the main source of men's troubles, the mother as mistress. He has an Oedipal sickness, admitting, denying, and re-admitting his mother's stranglehold, asking her to free him by dying.

> "But no, mother, I even love Clara, and I did Miriam; but to give myself to them in marriage I couldn't belong to them. They seem to want me, and I can't ever give it them."

> "You haven't met the right woman."

> "And I never shall meet the right woman while you live," he said.

Her passion of Paul cripples him in his relationship with other women. He felt.

> "....being the sons of mothers whose husbands blundered rather brutally through their feminine sanctities, they were themselves too diffident and shy. They could easier deny themselves than incur any reproach from a woman; for a woman was full of the sense of their mother."

Lawrence seems to feel that Paul's survival was somehow bound up with fidelity to his mother. He puts it into ultimate terms, life or death, the struggle between Paul's need to hold onto his mother and his desire to love Miriam as well. The struggle of Paul is to keep the mother as his special strength, never to lose her and not to offend her by showing too much partiality to other women.

When they, Paul and his mother, go to town together they feel, "the excitement of lovers having an adventure together." "She was gay like a sweetheart....As he saw her hands in their old black gloves getting the silver out of the worn purse, his heart contracted with pain of love for her." Through the novel Paul suffers from this Oedipal feeling and thus his relationship is ruined with Miriam, who possessed his soul, and Clara, his physical being. Both "loves" end reaffirming his opinion that he cannot be possessed. But, of course, he is possessed by his mother, and his release comes only from her death. His mother's death is a real and sexual death. She is described very amorously. She is, for the first time in the novel, sexually desirable and seemingly available to Paul. Only Paul is her lover. "They all stood back. He kneeled down and put his face to hers and his arm around her. 'My love - my love - oh, my love!' he whispered again and again." And, finally when he kisses her "passionately" and feels a "coldness against his mouth, he is brought to a last realization and choice. "Mother, my dear" he began, with the whole force of his soul. "Then he stopped. He would not say it. He would not admit that he wanted to die, to have done. He would not own that life had beaten him, or that death had beaten him."

The Wasteland
by T. S. Eliot

The Waste Land, as has been pointed out, is one of the most significant poems of the twentieth century, but seems to be a most eccentric piece of work. Keeping this in mind you must analyze this work by knowing its history. Eliot states most of the symbolism in this work was suggested to him by Miss Jessie L. Weston's book; From Ritual to Romance. Eliot feels this book and many other books mentioned should be read as companions to his poem to fully understand his work.

The Waste Land is written in five segments containing fragments of ideas that relate to a central theme, which has been stated as being the decay of "the civilization." Jacob Korb wrote:

> "The process, an exercise in the unification of sensibility, consists of seeing the theme of the poem reflected in widely scattered instances, and using these to give a fuller sense of it than could be drawn from any single subject, no matter how exhaustively it might be treated."

Mr. Eliot's exceptional talent as a poet is demonstrated by his accumulating his previous experiences and using his eccentric ideas to provide a poem which is very complex to the reader who does not have Eliot's experiences to draw upon. His writing was very avant-garde in his time, since he didn't write about the common experience which can be shared by most everyone but writes accoring to his intimate feelings and thoughts. Many of Eliot's verses seem terrifyingly meaningful, yet elude final interpretation. George Williamson suggests:

> "...poetry as meaning is neither plain sense nor nonsense, but a form of imaginative sense. If we insist that a lyric poem does not "mean" but "is", we assert not a different mode of being but that its emotional values cannot be translated."[2]

Eliot demands a comradship with his readers. His notes suggest that unless you have knowledge of all his references you have no business reading his work. Mr. Eliot leaves this reader with a slight irritation, feeling his genius has been flaunted by my not comprehending his worl. Although Helen Gardner states that:

> "...among the young of both sexes, with whom poetry is a passion, there is an unquestioned recognition of his poetic quthority and of the profound importance of his poetry."[3]

[1]Jacob Korb, Modern Art Technique in The Waste Land, p. 81.
[2]George Williamson, A Reader's Guide to T. S. Eliot, p. 15.
[3]Helen Gardner, The Art of T. S. Eliot, p. 1.

Withdrawal

Rance Buford, lately of Tennessee, was approaching the Holland Tunnel in a stolen van. All across New Jersey he had been recalling the events of the past week, wondering if he shouldn't have faced the situation at home. He speculated where the money was in New York City and how he could latch onto it. The three hundred dollars he had taken from the stranger, for whose death he was responsible, was nearly intact. He could live on it for a month or so.

His troubles all started when old man Lewis came into the house and found him and Fannybelle in bed together. The old man ran for his shotgun as Rance grabbed his clothes and went out the window twenty paces ahead of a hail of buckshot. Rance hadn't stopped until he gained the piney woods across the road, a mile from the Interstate. The old man yelled: "Run, you stumpjumper, and keep on runnin'. I'm goan shoot you on sight. Yawl clumb in bed oncet too offen."

Rance was tired of Fannybelle, sharecropping, the whole state of Tennessee. His Daddy Buford always said the big money was in the cities. Them banks got most of it, the Jews the rest." So Rance decided to see what he could do about spreadin the wealth.

Rance quickly donned his clothes while constantly watching the Lewis house. His old car, listing to one side, he knew would have to remain there. It wasn't worth much. Old man Lewis could look at it until it rusted away as far as he cared.

Smiling, Ranced dogtrotted toward the Interstate. Several rearward glances convinced him he wasn't being trailed, yet he knew a change of scenery would be good insurance on his growing older. He'd decided to hitch a ride to Memphis.

Only a few minutes after he gained the Interstate, a car braked and waited until he ran to it. The driver was a plump, middle-aged man wearing greasy glasses and dingy dentures. He was inquisitive and soon Rance related the circumstances that impelled his northward journey.

A short way into his tale, the man laughed and patted Rance's knee. As the story continued the man's hand kept patting higher and higher up until Rance decided he was getting a touch too private. Rance told him to stop, but the only response was a chuckle and an iron-tight grip on Rance's thigh. Enough is enough, Rance thought, and smashed his fist into the man's face.

The driver fell against his door, the steering wheel spun crazily, the car headed to the right side of the road, smashed through the fence, tumbled down the embankment and landed on its left side. Rance found himself, unhurt, on top the stranger's contorted body. He felt the man's wrist; there was no pulse. Horrified, he felt guilty of murder; he figured no jury would believe the man had made advances toward him. He would have to get away, and fast.

Rance saw a slight bulge in the man's coat and found a wallet containing slightly over three hundred dollars. He transferred the money to his jeans; murder would put him away, taking the money was a minor crime in comparison. He forced up his door, climbed out, then walked along the embankment until he came to a cloverleaf. He stood alongside the road and soon caught a ride to Memphis.

On the run, badly shaken, Rance sought transportation out of the state. Although no one had seen him with the dead man, as far as he knew, he thought it expedient to disappear for awhile. He decided New York had big banks; he would head there and see if he could get a job in one. As he walked along the street he spotted an unattended Lincoln Continental purring in front of a liquor store. He slipped into it and put it into gear just as a black man came running toward it. Rance blew him a kiss and roared away. He was glad he hadn't stolen a white man's car - a black, he felt, shouldn't have such a fine machine.

Cautious enough to avoid the Interstate, Rance took secondary roads that paralleled it. He drove until the gas guage showed empty. It was accurate, the car coughed, sputtered, stopped. Rance opened the glove compartment and found a Smith and Wesson 38. He decided, with his limited education, it would be easier to rob a bank than to get hired by one. The gun would be his withdrawal slip.

A country music fan for years, Rance tucked the gun into his waist band and sang an improtu ditty which he thought he might enlarge upon and sell to Johnny Cash. He sang: "Oh, I've got his wheels and I've got his gun. If I had his woman, we'd have some fun!" At that point he bogged down. He plodded along the road until he caught a ride to the highway.

From then on Rance thumbed rides, stole a car when he found one with keys in it. After each theft, he toured backroads, returning to the main highways when he decided the car was too hot to drive.

Finally he was entering the tunnel. He would abandon the van as soon as possible, find a place to stay, locate a likely bank, rob it, then decide his future. Too bad his Daddy was dead. Rance would have liked him to know his boy was taking his advice and heading for big money.

The traffic was unbelievable - nothing like Memphis. He drove until he came to a no parking zone, where he deserted the van. He slouched along the sidewalk until he came to a subway entrance, then plunged down it and took the first train that came along.

Unfamiliar with the city, he idly read station stops until he came to Queens. Queens are rich, he mused, maybe the banks here are too. He piled out the door and headed for the surface. What he saw was not magnificent by any means, but it was better than rural Tennessee. There must be a bank or two that would prove worthy of his attention.

He walked the street until he came to a residential area. A room for rent sign caught his attention. It was steadily growing colder, evening was near, he needed a place to stay until he could formulate his plan.

The landlady showed him her only vacant room. It was first floor rear, neatly furnished, and warm. She told him it rented by the week and that he would be safe at night, there was so much crime, because a policeman occupied the next room.

Rance didn't fancy having an officer for a neighbor, but it was too late to back out. He would avoid the other roomers, make his heist, then disappear. He went to bed exhausted, and slept until eight o'clock.

After breakfast at a nearby cafe, Rance went in search of a bank. He found one only three blocks away that had a drive-up window. The hours, he noted, were from 8:30 AM to 3:30 PM. The time to rob it, he felt, would be just before closing time - there should be more money then. He decided to return to his room until midafternoon, then steal transportation to and from the bank.

Awakening at two o'clock, Rance prowled the streets looking for an unlocked car. He found New Yorkers were not so careless. Every car had closed windows and locked doors. The idea of renting a car occurred to him, but was quickly ruled out; he would have to present identification - too risky.

Passing a school, he saw rack after rack of bicycles. Why not take one? It would, as far as he knew, be a first, and a bike would be easier to dispose of than an auto. Without further ado, he selected a ten speed and rode toward the bank. It was three o'clock.

The bank clock indicated three fifteen as he pedaled to the drive in window. A young woman stood behind the glass. Rance tilted his wheel toward the opening. "I want to make a withdrawal," he said.

"How much do you want to draw? shewasked, "Where's yer slip?"

"I want all the bills in your drawer and here's my slip!" He displayed his weapon, then added: "Don't trip the alarm, honey, and we all will get along jest fine."

The teller nervously placed five stacks of bills on the counter. Then at his demand, shoved them into a bank bag. Rance uprighted his bike, took the bag, said: "Ah surely thank you, ma'am, ah'm much obliged. Then he sped around the corner. An alarm blared just as he entered a fence-lined alley. He tossed the bicycle over a fence and rummaged in a garbage can until he found a paper bag. He transferred the bills into it and stuffed the bank bag into the can.

Sirens seemed to be wailing from every direction. Police cars converged on the area. Some passed the entry of the alley which he now calmly strolled. When he reached the intersecting street, he continued his casual stride to his room.

Locking the door behind him, he drew the shades and counted his loot. It amounted to eleven thousand dollars. The large amount, his missed lunch, the tension - all hit him with tremendous force. He returned the money to the bag and shoved it under the bed. The revolver was put to rest under his pillow. Not bothering to undress or remove his shoes, he stretched out on the bed and was asleep in an instant.

Suddenly he awakened. The room was pitch dark. He wondered what had aroused him. Then it came - a soft sound that appeared to be someone drawing and exhaling his breath. The rhythm was monotonous, mysterious, menacing. He fancied he heard a movement near the far wall. Stealthily, he reached under the pillow, withdrew the gun, fired toward the sound. A loud hiss spurted. Someone, he knew had drawn his last breath. A pounding on the door drowned out all other noise.

"Open up! Police!"

It must be the officer from next door. Rance rushed to the window, threw it open and dropped to the ground. He ran through backyards until he came to the next street. He walked swiftly along it until he reached the subway entrance. The gun in his hip pocket slapped his rear as he pounded down the stairway. He realized, after he was miles away, he had left the money behind.

Rance had no more than cleared the window when the officer forced open the door. He turned on the light and discovered several peculiar things. The window was open to the cold night, someone had shot the valve off the hissing steam radiator, and there was a paper bag full of money under the bed.

He barely had time to tuck the bag under his p.j. shirt before the distraught landlady came paddling alone the hall in her nightclothes.

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- MICHAEL GUNSAULUS -

'DINNER' LACKS UNITY

While the JC players' Dec. 5 production of The Man Who Came To Dinner was somewhat difficult to swallow, it didn't exactly send the audience searching for the nearest bottle of Alka-Seltzer either.

What this antique Kaufman and Hart three-act play lacked most was overall unity. Despite smashingly terrific performances by several individual actors, the show failed to reach a sustained height of humor necessary for it to be termed a success.

Unlike a fine vintage Bordeaux champagne, The Man Who Came To Dinner fails to improve with age. Written in 1939 by the Pulitzer Prize-winning playwrights George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, the play satirized America's habit of celebrity worship.

The zany plot revolves around Sheridan Whiteside, a critic, lecturer, wit, radio orator, and intimate friend of the great and near great. It seems that Whiteside, while on one of his annual lecture tours, slips and fractures his hip while walking past the doorway of the Mr. and Mrs. Ernest W. Stanley home in Mesalia, Ohio. Whiteside is immediately carried into the Stanley home where he is ordered by the town physican to remain until he is fully recovered. At first the idea of playing host to such a national celebrity makes the Stanley family ecstatic. But, after several weeks of Whiteside's carefree lifestyle, Stanley in a rage of temper orders Whiteside from his home. In addition to the main plot, several minor comedic situations must evolve before it ends.

By the time the curtain fell on this comedy, I came to the conclusion that it would have been easier to follow the path of a fieldmouse through a haystack than to try and follow the subplots of the play. The very simple main plot was complicated by the minor comedic strains of "who falls in love with whom." To make things worse the authors decided that for the finishing touch, Whiteside would depart from the Stanley home fully recovered only to slip again and reinjure his hip, which brought an anticipated moan and groan from a somewhat satiated audience.

What caused this "dream-like boredom" to melt over the audience? I believe the general listleness which pervaded the theatre was caused by the 36-year-old play. The Man Who Came To Dinner is an anachronism. Yet anachronisms are in vogue nowadays with our nostalgia-crazed masses crying for photographs of Bogart, Gable, and Monroe. Also popular are the glittering razmataz Cole Porter musicals of the 30s and 40s and the styles and fashions popular between the two world wars.

So why not a Kaufman and Hart production? After all, they were two of the most celebrated playwrights of the era? Unfortunately, the people of the 70s have become too educated and sophisticated to laugh enthusiastically at the corny plots these two gentlemen concocted so very long ago.

By the time Act Three rolled around, the actors on stage dropped all sense of stage discipline and began pulling for cheap theatrical tricks. As the old saying goes, "anything for a laugh." And that's about what happened, as several actors began inserting their own dialogue for what would eventually become unpredictable shock effects. I think most of them realized by then that they were working with a dead goose and simply decided to pull out all the stops.

I must admit that director Rosaline Stone's selection was somewhat refreshing. It was a clean change of linen from the Archie Bunker type humor that seems to be setting the trend on television and in the New York theatre. Yet, it was more like bringing Grandma's satin sheets and pillow cases down from the attic. You know what the design on the sheets is before you even see them, and you know they're going to smell like moth balls before they're ever fitted on the mattress. The dialogue and plot were so predictable that it left the audience with nothing better to do than to sit around guessing how each actor would interpret his role and anticipating the final outcome of the play.

MOBIUS NURSE

Floor Please
Four
Elevator
Down 4

Elevator
Down 7

BY

with Karen

with Karen

COSMIC BOB

1 cause it's just a little kid's song
Mr. Up-Side singing in the ambulance
—Up Sound— "Doctor Love Doctor Love Please Call
2 Roberta in Hallway on her way to desk
Hello Karen Floor Please. Lounge. 8th Floor 314 1592.68
Down Elevator to Seven with Karen
"Reception" —they rip off my pants too
3 takes Up-Side to room for blood test
in pounds per square inch 114 over 30
He orders black cherry coke and popcorn
"And I'll just give you a mood elevator"
In a pig's eye. I don't use drugs.
these are safe drugs and if you don't take them we'll give you a shot
now Stick out your tonguie.

Second Side — Hall Disease gradual Noise increase
as footsteps of Roberta approach
"Julian Bream, Julian Bream" on overhead
elevator door slams shut
— ROBERTA FORGETS TO SAY HELLO —
"Floor please" "Four please" POWER FAILURE
elevator accelerating down, shorting noises, wind
"oh-my dress blew up" drops purse, spare change
Karen: oh Roberta Hold Me I'm Scared.
Snap to Rail Road Crossing Noise and Song

Starring I.M. Roberta

Roberta
Register Nurse
Proof Child

Dr. Touch's operation. nurse hand me that sponge.
My God, you've dropped the mescaline laser beam sponge
into his trunk. Sorry Dr. Touch hand me the chain saw? John
We'll cut them off. Turn off the random chang generator. Way again.
It's just changing cycle. I noticed that freudian slip nurse
PINE APPLE UP-SIDE EGRESS Read the eyechart
good ugly evening sad sack.
guess again. End Side One "Quack!"

Hall disease to: the time is #4 Dr. Touch, Dr. Touch
at the desk Roberta: Hello, Inez. Call your wife Now.
Reception. Hold the Line. Hold on, the line
Roberta, our diminutive patient Mr. Up-Side
is 65 years old and is apparently suffering
from acute inferiority because of his size.
- he talks like a child! and he talks to people
who aren't there and speaks himself."
Call 63 3450
Reception. Duck Bill Sanitarium.
Nut Ratio Night Rates. Don't Call Us Will Call You.
Now, on the line.
Any Time. It's a boy!!! Comas are Common.
"GO TO HELL ORDERLY" Good bye.
Last time around Doctor Hall Doctor HALL Call On Line Two
Laser Lip Larry Lung

Back in Mr. Up-Sides Room.
TV: The Late Show, Let's Dance in on Late Show Dr. Touch (From Hallway)
"SNOW" "SNOW" "SNOW"
operation in progress nurse hand me that sponge
Door Opens. "Mr. Up-Side — what are you
doing out of bed without your gown."
— Nurse your nose is bleeding (SHRILL VOICE)
"Yes I've just been raped. I put on a
fresh uniform. Put on your gown
this instant."
— all right. all right. Settle down lady
na-have some coffee Roberta Edward Newsome
TV: I noticed that freudian slip mr. up-side
— Cream? "No I take it black."
— Your Eyes are Gray
"Mr. Up-Side pull up your gown and bend over."
— UH? "I'm going to take your temperature"
— Frigid bitch. I'll lie on the bed.
"Here needle freak. Read the eye chart"
— UH. YOU HURT ME.
"SLURP." "OH I spilled my coffee
THAT'S SCALDING HOT
POP" "My God. Your temperature is 114 degrees"
"Mr. Up-Side you Really are Sick"
— no I'm really an alien monster.
from Planet Parrothood
"Oh My God. What have I done..."
I'll get the doctor
(with bubbles bunny on TV)
She Leaves
Mr. Up-Side sings his Song of conquest
"Frosty the Snowgirl!"

Made in France

THE SAME OLD SHIFT
Ambulance (down the hallway) Jim bobby, it's the same old shift
engine dies. trying to start it
SCREEN out of gas Harvey, it's dark Door opens. Radio in background
music starts
"I'm telling you guys. there's nothing wrong
with me" You think you're a little kid.
"CAUSE I'S ONLY A LITTLE KID'S SING."
We found this guy singing in the hallway at School
And brought him down for punishment
He won't listen to his Uncle Sam
— nurse leaves —
"sleep learning tape" Up-Side mutters.
"I'll just turn on the T.V." crick
Hey — Mixed Media. John Cage Gauge.
Hi Kids. And welcome to our ed Psychology Show.
Here comes Neal with the bus right now.
We're going over to see mary jane.
Larry and Albert made the grade and
came along. When we got here the film
You ARE about to see, with andy adverb
and victor vertical. (Sniff)
1 thump thump thump (hammer) (typewriter)
light... Sound... light... sound...
(Burp) Compewt light sound danger danger (HOLD YOUR NOSE)
B. (Snore) (Compewt) (Ol. (ARE) Pee. Compewt
Light Show (Pee. Siepage [Siepage] (over)
(Ch.) e n n n n. Pee. Now!e. (DUB)
double ugly dumb Pee. Wash (ARE. Period

(They are all silent).

Sundown - Are we through here, then? (The lights instantly go off and)

Field - We can all see better in the dark.

Field Stevenson